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(For The New York Saturday Press.)

VALE!

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

O, gentlest season of the changing year,
Though thy bright days are past,
Our hearts will ever hold thy memory dear
So long as memories last.
Gladly each year we see thy radiant glow
Through amber days with air like hyacinth,
And now we sigh in whistlers' sad and slow,
"Farewell, farewell!"

Through the dim vista of the forest nook
Fall bars of shade and shine,
And o'er the shimmering ripples of the brook
Swings the climatic vine:
The breeze comes faintly from the far-off sea
To linger in the leafy inland dell,
And sings October's dreamy melody,
Farewell, farewell!

The withered meadow-grasses, white and brown,
Glean in the Autumn air,
Where shining stars of silvery cotton-down
Go sailing here and there:
Dewdrops sit upon the falling Earth,
Her flowers have felt the touch of Autumn;
To blooming sights and chirping sounds of mirth,
Farewell, farewell!

The day declines, and cloudy phantoms drift
About the distant West,
Where many a purple peak and golden rift
Welcome the Sun to rest:
As goes this happy day, the season goes,
Its dying murmurs chant the Autumn's knell—
The solemn requiem of the Earth's repose—
Farewell, farewell!

Fade gently, gently, in the Western sky,
O, faint October day,
Let rustling trees give back the parting sigh
Of winds that die away!
Let the broad sunlight deepen into shade,
Let the kind homeward sound the tinkling bell,
To all thy glories that in twilight fade,
Farewell, farewell!

The twittering birds may seek their hidden homes
In the dark cedar-tree,
And hushed bees, in honey-laden combs,
Hum low and softly:
O'er the wide landscape falls the shadowy night,
On field, and hill, and blue horizon's swell,
The Sun gives forth his last expiring light,
Farewell, farewell!

Oct. 27th, 1860.

(For The New York Saturday Press.)

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF

MARY WOLLSTONCRAFT GODWIN.

"But now the power of the noble hero,
Are given to the human race and world."

There are martyrs to mistakes, with as pure intentions,
as lofty aims, as were ever possessed by martyrs to truth.

Some persons are always on the watch for thieves.
We have learned to distrust the interior morality of such.
It seems much more generous and beautiful, to do like those transcendental (alias fanatics) we have known: that is, never turn a key, and never seal a letter, but "trust humanity." Very pretty doctrine, but inconvenient whilst the largest half of mankind is composed of selfish and ignorant children, and many of the other half are educated and sharpened rogues.

After all, the way to forward the right in the most popular and praiseworthy manner, is to let a parcel of knavish politicians shoulder a principle, and take it through by torchlight. But just now we are to consider the practical abrogation of law, and the sublime trust of a woman, one who suffered for her magnanimity falsely exercised, even as martyrs suffer, and with none to help her bear the burden of her heart. Let us listen to her words:

"I live but for you, my friend. Why, then, should I involve you in difficulties, and probably in pecuniary ruin, for the sake of a legal ceremony or fiction, for which I have no respect, and which cannot strengthen the bond that unites us. Could I ask a stronger tie than the love that really and only makes us one?"

"You are truly magnanimous, my beloved. But are you willing to trust all, as a woman, to my love?"

"All, and more than all," said the speaker, "even the fate of unborn, who must derive their sustenance, their culture, their happiness, from our united hands. Can a woman have greater love than that which enables her to trust her own life and happiness, and that of her children, in the keeping of one bound by no outward responsibility?"

"Great is your love, O my beloved! I trust I shall prove worthy of it. But we will not live long where it is necessary to be husband and wife, without marriage. We will either own enough to pay those debts of years, that might throw me into a prison if I were legally your husband, or we will at least secure enough to go to America, where we will be free from this sword of Damocles. It is, indeed, hard to be poor, when loving hearts are kept tender by want; but with your magnanimity, my Mary, we can be one, in spite of all obstacles."

"O then most true and loving woman! What agony is in store for thee—how must thou live on till life becomes a living death, because of thy sublime trust, thy pure and tender devotion to him who has never won the virtue of constancy."

In such truth, and tenderness, and magnanimity, eye, and purity, as the world knows not, and has no power to perceive or comprehend, Mary Wollstonecraft became the wife of John, throughout de Jure, of Gilbert Inlay. Then came the storm of death.

How tenderly she tended him whom she had entrusted a king in her heart; how eagerly she watched for his coming; how her high heart-beats were hushed, listening for the sound of his footsteps. And he was her all on earth, and even her trust in God was dimmed, if not darkened, by her great trust in him. How sublime in its devotion, in its sacrifice even unto blood, is the love of a true woman! And such was Mary Wollstonecraft. She loved God, she believed in him, and in the dignity and worthiness of her own soul, and she vindicated her love, because, she said, "My love is holy and is of the holiest," and therefore she asked no liberty to love, from her fellows, and no endorsement from their judgment or approval. She asked no sanction from the law of man, because, she said, "Surely the good God is sufficient unto Himself, and His law is above all others." Fatal mistake in a bad world!

The heart that loves justice says, "I would give all men their own, surely none will rob me." And such a heart asks, "Can I lose any love that is really mine? Truly, there are friends as gigantic in the spiritual as in the material world. The wise place their treasures in safe keeping and under the protection of law."

How sadly, and surely earth proves daily and hourly that it is a vale of tears, the miserable home of unrest, the troublesome vestibule to a better or a worse,—for everywhere there is change, and decay, and death. Earthly love changes its object; it decays, it dies. It lives in its mighty prayer for satisfaction, and the beloved dies. So with change, and the wrenching sunder of tender ties, and with decay and death, and a separation that no human heart can endure without agony that God alone can alleviate or cure, this world is made to be the very valley and shadow of death. But the young, the hopeful, and more than all the loving, will not have it thus, not until the very death-struggle has overtaken them.

Mary Wollstonecraft's creed, at this epoch of her life, held but one word—Love. This was her God, and she had yet to learn that men crucify Him, even as of old time.

Then came the red hand of the Revolution, and threatened to tear her from her home. The French Convention issued a decree, ordering that the English resident should be imprisoned till the period of a general peace. This law obliged Mary Wollstonecraft to take the name of Inlay, and to obtain a certificate from the American Ambassador that she was the wife of Gilbert Inlay. By the law of New York such a declaration of marriage constitutes marriage. Not so, then, and there. Mary continued to be the wife of Mr. Inlay, in fact, but not in law, and her name has been branded with infamy in consequence; and, finally, she was excluded from moral English society for this discrepancy between our laws and those of France, and her subsequent action in the premises. But we will not anticipate.

In present happiness, and also in present difficulties, the scheme of emigrating to America seems to have been lost sight of. "Why should they put their love in chains?" they said. If it were so facile as to need bonds it were not worth the keeping. They forgot that all human things need protection. The most precious plant may be destroyed by frost, or sun, or rain, and none can bear continued transplanting. The last seems to have been the sin of Gilbert. He followed a business that constantly led him away from home. Mary was left to solitude. Bitterly she felt that her beloved had little of that tender attachment to home which formed her happiness, and made her cling to him with a tenacity which seems soon to have become troublesome to him.

Left alone in Paris, amid the terrors of 1793, expecting Mr. Inlay's return from week to week, no one can conceive what she suffered, unless it be some person who has been placed by unhappy fortune in a similar position. In the midst of these sorrows she one day passed the Place de Louis Quatorze, where an execution had just taken place, and the blood that had been made to flow by the Guillotine was still fresh upon the pavement. The emotions of her great soul burst forth in indignant exclamation, and a prudent bystander warned her of her peril, and bemoaned her to hasten home to hide her discontents. She had the intolerable anguish soon to hear of the death of Brissot, Vergniaud, and the twenty deputies.

She hoped against hope, and endured life to January, 1794, when she determined to go to Havre, to meet Mr. Inlay. Her love drew her, but the horrible reign of Robespierre drove her.

Mr. Inlay regretted her with a tenderness which ill accorded with the ease with which he had borne and prolonged their separation. But all the disquietudes of the past were forgotten by Mary in the sweetness of the present. Tenderly loving, and believing herself beloved, Mary lived again in a sunny home. Here the white-winged angel of a mother's love first folded his pinions to rest in her heart, and then lay on her bosom a bud of life—the child of Gilbert Inlay and Mary Wollstonecraft.

"Now I know," she breathed in the ear of him she so greatly loved, "the fulness of joy—the end of hope and the fruition of love. What more can God give to us? Our two souls made one have had power to give life to another soul. Such is the might of love."

Sweet heart of the mother! dear heart of the wife! beautiful Mary Wollstonecraft! The world has not known thee, and could not, therefore, do thee justice. Soon after the birth of their babe, Mr. Inlay took his departure for London. He assured Mary that this was necessary to the success of his business; and as he had now a family, he said, he felt the necessity of making provision for them.

In two months Mr. Inlay promised to meet Mary and her babe, in Paris. Alas! this was but the prelude to an everlasting separation. Great as would have been the agony of this separation, or rather desertion, it was much increased by a despairing doubt, uncertainty, and the lingering of a desperate hope.

Her misery through the year 1796 seems to have been indescribable. Her biographer, who was also her most loving husband, William Godwin, says of this year: "It was wasted in that sort of despair to the sense of which the mind is continually awakened by a glimmering of fondly-cherished expiring hope."

He adds: "Why did she thus obstinately cling to an ill-starred unhappy passion? Because it is the very essence of affection to seek to perpetuate itself. He does not love who can resign this cherished sentiment without suffering some of the sharpest struggles that our nature is capable of enduring. Add to this, Mary had fixed her heart upon this chosen friend; and one of the last impressions a worthy mind can submit to receive, is that of the worthlessness of the person upon whom it has fixed all its esteem."

How like a true man and philosopher Godwin expresses his belief that all will pity Mr. Inlay for showing from him the priceless gift of Mary's love. Who would not pity the man who would, "like the ruin of life, throw a part away rather than let it go?"

The length of time that Mary suffered her love, and the consequent misery, was scarcely long. One day she was driven to attempt suicide. She was found again, brought with kindness by Mr. Inlay. Then she undertook a voyage to Havre on account of her husband, and the result was her great work, entitled "Letters from Norway," and it is said of it "that a book of travels that so irresistibly moves on the heart never, in any instance, found its way from the press."

She returned to be again devoted, to have her confidence abused, her love slighted, and again to attempt self-destruction. In this instance she took a boat from London to Putney. It was night when she arrived, and it rained with violence. She walked up and down the bridge, the storm beating upon the poor tattered that held a more frightful storm within. When her clothes were drenched, and, as she hoped, heavy enough to sink her beyond the reach of this world's help, she threw herself into the river. But that great heart with all its burden of agony could not sink. She remained floating and striving to make herself sink, in a misery so excruciating that she said no amount of suffering could ever induce her to endure again, in the hope of escape. At length she became insensible and was rescued in this condition as the body of one drowned. She was resuscitated by the exertions of those by whom she was found, and lived to experience in after life a more exquisite happiness than falls to the lot even of the favored few in this world.

Let hope spring in the heart after seeing the night of Mary's great work merge into the glowing and beautiful morning. A little longer and we see the change. Again alive to her misery, Mr. Inlay came with false hopes, deceptive assurances, and explanations that explained nothing.

During four months her misery had been so great as to twice determine her to commit suicide; and yet during this period her "Letters from Norway" were written.

She found, at the close of this period of indescribable suffering, that it was impossible to maintain a marital union with a man who preferred casual, sensual connections, to a marriage with one of the most pure and gifted of her sex. She tore the passion for this man from her heart, at last, and turned to other interests in life,—the first of which was the care of her child, and the next the cultivation of her literary talents.

Life began anew for Mary Wollstonecraft. She became acquainted with Godwin, or rather renewed an acquaintance long before formed. We cannot forbear making a few quotations from the simple statement of that great man, William Godwin, in his biography of his beloved wife, Mary Wollstonecraft. He says: "The partiality that we conceived for each other, was in that mode that we conceived for each other, the purest and most refined style of love. It grew with equal advances in the mind of each. One sex did not take the priority which long-established usage has awarded it, nor the other overstep that delicacy that is so severely imposed. . . . When the disclosure came there was nothing, in a manner, for either to disclose to the other."

"Previously to our mutual declaration, each felt half assured, and yet each felt a certain trembling anxiety to have assurance complete."

"Mary rested her head upon the shoulder of her lover, hoping to find a heart with which she might safely treasure her world of affection, fearing to commit a mistake, yet in spite of her modesty and reserve, fraught with that generous confidence which in a great soul is never extinguished. 'I had never loved till now, or at least had never nourished a passion to the same growth, or met with an object so consummately worthy.'"

Probably no union in this world has been more blessed by natural gifts and graces than that of Mary Wollstonecraft and Godwin. And yet, by this suitable and legal union, she was excluded from so-called moral society in England, because by it she acknowledged that while living with Mr. Inlay she was an unmarried mother. This fact she had never concealed, but people chose to be blind to it till she married Godwin.

Godwin says of their union,—"I think I may venture to say that no two persons ever found in each other a society a satisfaction more pure and refined." And this happiness continued to both till her early and much-lamented death, soon after the birth of Mrs. Shelley. It is a joy to think that death is but the gate of a better and happier life to such as these, and that the loving union begun here is perfected in a world of beneficence, that this poor mundane scene of struggle, of sorrow, and brief joy, can give us little idea of.

MARY R. GODWIN NICHOLS.
New York, Nov. 4, 1860.

THE KEETLE.
BY THOMAS CARLILE.
Poor hobbling beetle, need'st not haste;
Shouldst thou travel, travel thou shalt waste;
Pursue thy journey through the waste,
No foot of mine shall work thee harm.

Who knows what strand grave thou hast—
Small family that have not died?
Who knows what strand grave thou hast—
Small family that have not died?
Who knows what strand grave thou hast—
Small family that have not died?

Man's head lies 'mong the feet of men:
For each and all must tread the same;
Who cannot sow would reap; and then
In Bedlam are no poor-laws.

And if thy wife and thou agree
But ill, as like when short of victual,
I swear, the merest sympathy
Thy fortune merits, poor beetle!

Alas! and I should do thee shame—
To rhyme of night with hapless soul!
Who led thee to this worthy place of death,
On earth, save me, without a friend?

Pass on, poor beetle! Venerable
Art thou, we wonder not, or so; if
Thou hast what bel to Tover of Babel
Not gone: the chief of wonders—Life.

Also, of 'ancient family,'
Though small in size, of feature dark.
What Debut's a poor surmount thee?
Thy ancestor was in Noah's ark!

(For The New York Saturday Press.)

BALZAC.

Honoré Balzac—or, as he loved to call himself, De Balzac—was born in Tours, on the 16th of May, 1799, and died in Paris on the 20th of August, 1850, aged fifty-one years.

His life was passed without any of those accidents which appeal to the vulgar mind as heroic. All of his struggles were carried on single-handed, and often confined in the theatre of their action to his own breast.

Alone, unknown, in the busy world of Paris he conquered for himself literary distinction and fame. Compelled, during the greater part of his active life, to struggle against debts contracted in his youth, and increasing with the wonderful recuperative energy which the serious Jews of any capital know so well how to impart to this species of instrument, he yet kept even his commercial honor unsullied, and left behind him a series of works which have excited the admiration of all thoughtful readers, and proved a mine of wealth to the bookkeepers.

To the literary man, the record of his life is most valuable, as an example of literary honesty, and conscientious labor in doing well whatever he undertook to do.

To the world at large, the same lesson of his life can never come amiss; while he can also serve as a vindication of the literary life against the petty accusations which a cheap morality, a mean commercial honesty, and narrow-minded conventionalism, are in the habit of heaping against literary men.

His personal peculiarities, his fancies and whims, were the result of that independence and freedom of thought and character which give a value and charm to his works.

These peculiarities may with safety be indulged by a man whose known will and secured position in conventional society gives him the power to exert impunity on those who hope to share directly or indirectly in the money he spends in their gratification.

The same relaxations in a man of genius, though a thousand times more necessary to him since they serve as his repose after severe mental labor, are considered as crimes.

But there is no need to attempt the vindication of any man of genius from these accusations of a petty conventional society. The results of his work must be his best defense, as they are during his life the best vindication which can be offered.

Balzac seems to have inherited his sanguine temperament from his father, who was born in Languedoc, in 1776, and served as a councillor under Louis XVI. He was a man with a hobby. He had a theory, this man was intended to live to be a hundred and over. The proof of this he found in the fact that there were certain species of the animal creation for attaining their full growth and their full length of life. In his mind the twenty-five years necessary for the attainment of maturity seemed to indicate that he should live in full possession of his faculties to be a hundred years.

In order to prove his theory by his own example, he made the care of his health his hobby. His diet at the age of 33 was the result of an accident, though of what nature Madame Surville, Balzac's wife and biographer, with the carelessness which is too common among biographers, does not inform us. Balzac's father did not marry until he was 51. He had a family of four, two girls and two boys, the eldest of whom was Honoré.

At the age of 45 Balzac's father had invested a large part of his fortune in one of the Tontine schemes of his time, and up to his death felt so certain of surviving all the rest of the shareholders and thus gaining for his family the immense fortune to which the capital had increased, that he was continually advising his children to take care of their health, in order to sit down to the inheritance.

His greatest talent in speculation was, however, a practical habit which he left to his son, and though doubtless the means of maintaining his cheerful and undisturbed mind, it also led him into a speculation which caused these difficulties.

Balzac's mother was a woman of great wit and beauty, and tenderly devoted to what she considered the best interests of her children. She outlived her famous son, and died at the age of 72.

During Balzac's boyhood and youth, he underwent a usual amount of what is supposed to be the necessary schooling incident to the acquisition of an education. Among all the pedagogues who undertook to suppress the growth of his mind, not one of them came to have any idea of the genius they were doing their best to smother. Among them all he passed for a rather stupid and dull boy.

He did not that love of the dead languages which surrounds itself so dearly to the pedantic mind, and he was also deficient in the reverence for authority, and the regularity of manner which is supposed to form such valuable elements of the scholar's equipment.

His father, however, before he was married, he wrote a book, "The Will," which one of his teachers said was a masterpiece, and which he showed to the other teachers, and the school was of the opinion that the boy was a prodigy.

His decision, after reading the unhappy tragedy, was that "the author should attempt to commit suicide by the sword."

This judgment the young Balzac carried without

being in any way disconcerted at it, or having his convictions that he could succeed in literature, shaken in the least. His only remark was "Tragedies are not my speciality," and determined to attempt some other.

Doubtless it is possible for men of genius to mistake their peculiar avocation, and yet we cannot but admire such self-confident assurance even when it leads only to miserable failure.

It is a display of that moral courage and that strength and confidence of character which, under favorable circumstances, excite wonder and applause of the world.

The fifteen months of seclusion and hard study which Balzac had spent in the production of his condemned tragedy, had so reduced his health and wasted his strength, that his mother was unwilling to trust him away from her sight again. She wanted him near her so that she could keep watch over him, and take the unobtrusive care of his health which only a loving woman knows how to exercise.

For the next five years, therefore, he remained in his father's house. During this time he wrote twelve stories, making more than forty volumes, which, as he considered them as attempts, and necessarily imperfect attempts, he published under various assumed names.

He did not want the De Balzac, of which he was already proud, to be forced to bear the odium of any unworthy literary work.

These volumes Balzac himself never avowed, and Madame Surville, his sister, obeying his expressed wish, does not mention any of their names in her publication of his letters to her.

Edmond Verdet, whose vanity was tickled at being for some time Balzac's only publisher, and who has exploited this fact with a rare display of natural and uncontrolled vulgarity of mind in a work which he has published since Balzac's death, under the title "Portrait Intime de Balzac, sa vie son humeur et son caractère," gives the following names of a few of these volumes: "Argon le Fils," "Le Sorcier," "L'Alligé," "Le dernier Fils," "Le Jockey," "Jeanne le Pale," "Le Vicomte des Ardennes," "L'Excommunié," "L'Heritier de Bragance."

These names are sufficient to show that these early works were of the excitatory and sensational school, and that in all probability Balzac, as he wrote them in great haste and never corrected them, was right in not considering them as of much value to his literary reputation.

They were all introduced to the world by that class of publishers which exists wherever there is a literature, and which holds to the regular trade the same relative position that the Jew dealers in old clothes hold to the aristocratic tailors, or the pawnbrokers of the poor to the bankers of the rich.

It is small advantage which any man gains who has relations with them, either as buyer or seller.

In 1836, some seven years after Balzac had acquired a reputation as a novelist, the right to print these works was bought by a publisher from the original purchasers of them, for ten thousand francs, and though the bargain carried with it the express stipulation that Balzac should in no way be indicated as the author, they were reprinted as coming from the pen of the most prolific writer of romances in France.

This, as we shall see, was enough to point out Balzac as the author.

In Brussels, also,—which, in the complication of copyright in Europe, caused by the subdivisions of government, contains strenuously with Leipzig and other cities for the glorious position of leader in the art of literary piracy,—these works have been reprinted, with Balzac's name as the author.

It is therefore futile to attempt any longer to conceal their names from the careful investigation of those who are curious in such unimportant facts in literary history.

The writing or publishing of these stories did not, however, bring the wealth or position which are considered the great objects of life; and Balzac's father again desired his son to engage in some regular business.

The idea of relinquishing his faith in his dream of literary fame could not for a moment be entertained by Balzac.

At length it was proposed by a friend, who advanced him the capital to begin with, that he should carry out his idea of editing the works of the classical authors and publishing them in cheap form.

This project commended itself to the regular business ideas of his father, and Balzac commenced the enterprise by publishing in single volumes the works of Molière and La Fontaine.

The enterprise proved unsuccessful in his hands from these simple commercial reasons. All the capital was exhausted in producing the volumes, and there was no money on hand to give them, by advertising, the publicity which was necessary to create a demand for them, while the regular trade, looking upon the venture as an intrusion by a new and unknown person in their own field, refused to do any way in their sale.

The enterprising publisher, Balzac, did not therefore do a very remunerative business.

There were small returns and no profits.

The works remained piled up in the warehouse, and Balzac was finally forced to sell them out at a loss, to some one in the trade.

This idea of cheap editions of the French classics, of which Balzac was the originator, during his lifetime, and since his day, has been most successfully and profitably worked by Didot and other French publishing houses.

The unfortunate result of his first commercial speculation was the commencement of the load of debt, in liquidating which Balzac worked himself to death.

Not discouraged by his failure, he now looked about for some means of paying the debt he owed to his friend.

The next money-making scheme which, appeared favorable to him, was that he should associate with himself a journeyman printer whom he knew, and whose skill, honesty, and zeal he was sure of, and that they should set up a printing-office.

The wonderful magnetism in books that there is for a literary man, the charm of art which glorifies even the dull mechanical processes of printing, influenced Balzac in this new scheme.

His friend and creditor, favored the plan, and influenced Balzac's father to advance the necessary money.

The new firm of Balzac & Co. started in business. Fortune however did not smile upon them.

The balance kept persistently upon the wrong side of the page devoted to profit and loss.

As a last hope, the firm purchased a type-foundry which was offered for sale cheap.

Even this well for it if judged after did not save them.

The type foundry lost money also, and the final result was that the firm was obliged to sell out at a sacrifice.

The person who bought out the firm of Balzac & Co. made a fortune from the business, while Balzac retired from the venture with a further increase of debt, though his mother advanced the larger part of the debt owed by the sale.

This was during the last part of 1827.

Again Balzac turned to his pen, and wrote "Les Chénies."

This was the first book he published with his real

being in any way disconcerted at it, or having his convictions that he could succeed in literature, shaken in the least. His only remark was "Tragedies are not my speciality," and determined to attempt some other.

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It is therefore futile to attempt any longer to conceal their names from the careful investigation of those who are curious in such unimportant facts in literary history.

The writing or publishing of these stories did not, however, bring the wealth or position which are considered the great objects of life; and Balzac's father again desired his son to engage in some regular business.

The idea of relinquishing his faith in his dream of literary fame could not for a moment be entertained by Balzac.

At length it was proposed by a friend, who advanced him the capital to begin with, that he should carry out his idea of editing the works of the classical authors and publishing them in cheap form.

This project commended itself to the regular business ideas of his father

which there is a good deal in reference to the general subject of 'Cider,' and something about the injurious, not to say deadly consequences of alcohol. Then comes an account of a fight between 'Wa-wa-wands,'—who figure as the creator and the friend of apple-juice, and a 'Dark Angel' named 'Fire Water,' who appears as the representative of intoxicating drink. In this fight 'Wa-wa-wands' smites the other fellow under the fifth rib, and wins the victory. Then, is given the dawn of prosperity for all the friends of Cider and their country. Subsequently this same character, under the name of 'Lagococcus, god of woodlands,' who at first inclined to oppose the cause, is won by the irresistible 'source of true love.' A woman springs full-blown out of apple-blossoms, and the first of cider-makers begins to sigh. Here fate is auspicious:—

'Beauty may not go unwhipped,
Faintest flowers are called the sweetest:
Wa-wa-wands wots and weds her,
Weds the maid of meads and mountains.'

The marriage ceremony,—a very gay lark in itself,—is performed by the 'Lark of Mornings.' Then various birds and beasts delight the wedded pair with some practical advice as to wedlock. To conclude these services, the wind harp of *Zelus* breathes out an extended serenade, closing with these frisky lines:—

'Here's a noble to the bride, and the groom at her side,
To her noble lord beside her!
Around let the glass right merrily pass—
While we pledge two in one in Cider!'

In due course of time there is a natural consequence in the shape of a bud, which is called Shooting Cider. On the early training, religious education, and christening of this offspring, the Piper with the persevering thorax is at once prolix and stupid. We then have something about 'Wa-wa-wanda's Wife's Ways,' together with an account of the death alkali of that nation and of the great cider-maker himself. Their dying speeches are given in full, and also their requiems,—in one of which we are instructed that

'Tis something at least
When the worst is past
To know that it is o'er;

which is very true. The rest of the story relates to the life and adventures of Shooting Cider,—showing how he pulled off a rabbit's tail; how he grew weather-wise and became a Prophet; how he had 'bowed of compassion,' and repaled them with 'copious draughts of cider'; how he had a sister, 'Bough of Beauty,' who survives him some time, only to be slain at last by savages, in what 'Gouda Yentz' would indicate was 'a dead horrible manner; and finally, how, after doing all manner of services for his countrymen, he was himself shot with arrows in the valley of Wyoming. The story concludes with an Epilogue,—still by Mr. Piper, in which is suggested the allegory of human life, and in which those who incline to the ruby bowl, and those also who know that it is necessary to be virtuous in order to be happy, are specially exhorted to

'Ponder on this Song of Orchards.'

Such is the scope of the poem of 'Wa-wa-wanda, a Legend of Old Orange.' We don't much wonder that the author has withheld his name from the titlepage of this production. The temerity of writing such twaddle, and then of offering it to the public, will let itself procure him

'praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man.'

He may be pardoned for being deficient of the dread courage to avow it.

We marvel, however, that it does not sometimes occur to writers like the author of 'Wa-wa-wanda' that there are certain humanitarian considerations, no other, which should deter them from such crude displays of valor in the way of book-publishing. It may be well enough for Sniggins, serene in the classic atmosphere of his library, and fired by the inspiration of tea and toast, to pour forth upon the blessed monarch Sniggins the deluge of his mighty mind. Be his concert—favored of the gods. She is the wife of his bosom—an auspicious, a sympathetic, and a patient auditor. But why expose that tender and budding genius to the cold blasts of worldly mockery? What perturb the barbarous printer with thoughts so stupendous that they make him an idiot? Why utter such inconceivable pearls of beauty rebuke a sordid and unappreciative people? Better, far better were it for Sniggins and for mankind, that these gems of sweetest ray serene should slumber forever in 'the dark, unfathomed caves' of the princely intellect! Surely if the great mind ever anything whatever to the human race, it is a gentle compassion for its frailty and error—it is a liberal generosity for its manifold deficiencies. We have it on the authority of Shakespeare,—humble enough no doubt, as compared with that of Sniggins,—that 'the quality of mercy is not strained,' and that it 'becomes the throned monarch better than his crown.' How much more becoming to these Monarchs of Intellect, if, with an almost divine compassion for the world, they would be content to wield their sceptres in far-off splendor, and preserve that silence which is always golden.

THE POLITICAL EXCITEMENT.

THE CONVICTION has been for the past few months forcing itself upon us, that the Politicians are trying to raise an excitement, and make people believe that what they call a crisis, or something of the sort, is near at hand.

We have been led to this conviction by noticing the crowds of persons who hang about bar-room, gambling and getting treated, the persons who carry their faces certain undefinable signs which proclaim their political activity, and greatly increased of late, have been doing a very good business in the drinking water and have talked longer and swaggared more than usual.

Such a state of commotion among the politicians always a sure sign that a crisis is rapidly approaching.

The humors of the body politic are gathering to head.

We have also been persuaded by certain other arguments that some great political movement was on hand.

The streets have been filled of late with certain torch-light processions, with music, transparencies, banners, small boys, etc.

There have been illuminated exhortations to save the Union carried through the streets.

There are now four or five banners suspended across Broadway, each bearing the names of various influential persons, of whom we never heard before, and the majority of whom we may feel thankful and certain we shall never hear of again.

The object of these banners is, we believe, to induce the passers-by who read the names to vote for the holders of the same.

The arguments used to induce a diligent reader of the banner inscriptions, who should perhaps find himself undecided, to select certain names for voting, are as pertinent and convincing as those drawn from the banners themselves would be, from their size, style of ornamentation, etc.

These arguments are to be found in the daily and other papers, and here we come to the surest sign that some political crisis, or what not, may be shortly expected to arrive.

The papers, daily and other, have for the past few months been displaying the signs of its coming which we have never known to fall.

They have lost all interest for an intelligent reader. They are full with personalities.

—When the *Tribune* contains articles to the effect that the *Express* is a liar, and everybody who says it is not a liar, and everybody else is a liar who doesn't read the *Tribune*—when the *Express* in its turn indulges in similar reasoning and rhetoric—when *The World* has extra police novels, and its brother in the spirit, *The Journal of Commerce*, mixes politics with its mammoth righteousness—when the *Herald* commences to prophesy all sorts of dreadful things as if they were to happen, and breaks out every morning with capitals descriptive of treason and rebellion, and when the *Times* sends the religious papers out on their spiritual backs, and exhort to frighten pious or foolish people with their sour

THE TEMPTATION OF MARGUERITE.

A wind from the slumb'rous garden, winning
Its way among the rose bushes and law,
Tosses the hanging curtain, pure as snow,
And sends a flickering shadow to and fro—
Where Marguerite sits spinning.

A fair face, set in locks of sunlight splendor—
And eyes, with crystal depths, like mountain springs,
Wherein the virgin heart's imaginings,
In quiet lustre, float like angel things—
And make the mouth smile tender.

That sunny wind, that through the evening curtain
Doth drunken from its feast of flower, fling
Over her drooping tresses—comes to gloat—
Or stir the lily face about her throat,
With airy touch, uncertain.

Whiteth through the silence, with its drowsy bustle,
The merry wheel goes pleasantly about—
The little axle hands go in and out,
And on the old gray cottage-wall without,
The vine-leaves softly rustle.

'Tis nature's dim sleaze—lightly swinging
In fancy's cradle, close the birds to sleep;
Only the linnet thrush, the wren, the creep;
Which fringe the rustic wall-blank, cool and deep,
And still the wheel keeps singing.

A shadow falls athwart the maiden's window—
She does not stir, nor note the slight eclipse—
With folded arms, a figure lightly lying,
And by the lattice stands with leaning lips
And dark-browed as a Hindu.

A dusky, brilliant face, O, angels! keeping
Your charmed vigil round that precious pearl,
Let not these last bright eyes, destruction whirl
(Upon the pure soul of the spinning girl,
And change her smiles to weeping.

The wheel is checked—with vivid blushes lurking
In brow and cheek—down drop the idle hands,
To play unconscious with her hair's bright strands,
And he, who, at the lattice hidden, stands,
Smiles as the spell is working.

O, Marguerite! by thy knees quick bend thee,
And sing the hymn thy mother taught to thee—
And pray the prayer that at her sainted knee
Thy fresh lips stammered in thine infancy,
For evil thoughts attend thee!

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

CHINESE PIRATES.

If there is one institution of the Central Empire which has not degenerated so as to deserve a place in Mr. Carlyle's black list of Shams, that institution must be piracy. Poor China is a thing of decay and disorganization; her roses are withered into potpourri, her poets are plagiarists, her philosophers are dreary old dogmatists, and the brother of the Sun and Moon is on cold terms with his magnificent relations. But piracy survives, flourishing with a luxuriance which Captain Kidd scarcely dreamed of, and which contrasts nobly with the pitiful retail business which went on a century ago upon the Spanish main. The pirates of China have their fleets, their squadrons, their self-appointed admirals and commodores, in exact imitation of the imperial navy. In fact, if it were not for the uncomfortable presence of our English cruisers, the piratical craft would soon clear the seas of their opponents, the mandarin vessels.

When the writer of this paper first formed acquaintance with Chinese ways and customs, there existed a desperado of the true Paul Jones type, although this rascal of old Red Rover did wear a pigtail—a long, silken, beautifully-braided pigtail—which might have represented the "back-hair" of some young lady at a boarding-school. This man's name was Chin Aop, and if the trumpet of fame did not blare him over China, the *Folio* Green differed in no particular from the *Folio* Ten, may fifteen thousand dollars, from the imperial treasury, have been offered for that neatly-plaited pigtail, and the head that it adorned. Yet Chin Aop walked in peace through the streets of Canton, Hankow, Shanghai, or any other town, as if he had been lord of the receipt for fanned, and was inviolable, for neither governor nor policeman ever happened to see him, though less noted offenders were daily crucified or sawn into halves by the purblind Chinese justice that spared Chin Aop. The exact reasons for this immunity I never could learn, but am disposed to regard it as the fruit of a judicious mixture of bribery and bullying. In fact, a master thief creates a sort of respectful sympathy in the bosom of the stoniest-hearted mandarin; and if Tarquin had been enthroned at Peking he would have contented himself with thinning the rank and file of the poppies, leaving the tall ones untouched. So Chin Aop prospered, and robbed, and leveled black-mail, and commanded a flotilla of fifty or sixty lorcha and war-junks, until in an evil hour he became concerned in the murder of two of our officers at Hong Kong, and the British laid his paw upon him. Being caught, the pirate displayed that curious indifference to life which is one of the most puzzling features in the national character. It is not that a Chinaman is not capable of running away to an almost unlimited extent to avoid danger, although I sincerely believe that the proverb which says a Chinese fears noise more than pain, is a profound bit of wisdom, but when captured he dies cheerfully, as if life were valueless. So in Chin Aop's case. His sentence was transportation for life, and he was sent to Calcutta in Irons; his only petition had been all along to be put to death in some decent fashion which would not compromise his tail, and the disgrace of letters and hemp-picking made him easy to starve himself to death on board the frigate. The master-at-arms, with unweave philanthropy, fed him with soup through a bamboo tube, but Chin Aop succeeded in obtaining a rusty nail, opening a vein, and dying like a philosopher.

The most usual cause for a piratical voyage is of about three hundred and fifty tons, but they seldom or never cruise alone; and when you see a corsair boat down upon you with sails and oars, you may be pretty sure her consort is not far off, like a hawk hovering within a bird's-eye view of its mate. A junk of this burden, mounted with a few very heavy cannon, and full of men, is no trifling opponent for an armed European merchantman, especially as Dromio of Canton is pretty sure to come to the aid of Dromio of Malacca, while as for Chinese traders, they never show fight at all. If a Chinese merchant is present, he pays black-mail to some piratical dignitary, who will underwrite his ship and cargo. If he is testy or proud, he hires a Yankee or English shipper, with a half European crew, and makes an investment in gunpowder; or, if he is a very enlightened individual indeed, perhaps he even buys a British steamer, which at the worst can trust, like Atlanta, to her heels, and outrun a whole armada of pirates. Not always, though, for among the lazes and promoters of the coast, especially to the Northward, are some ugly straits, through which vessels have to run the gamut, and where the pigtailed Vikings swarm like wasps, and sting as smartly.

It makes an important difference to one's personal comfort and well-being, whether one's ship is taken by pirates on the North or the South of a certain geographical line which may be said to meet the Chinese mainland. If we become captives on the South of the above line, we are pretty sure to owe our lives, and perhaps a permanent or two, especially if we are a British steamer, which at the worst can trust, like Atlanta, to her heels, and outrun a whole armada of pirates. Not always, though, for among the lazes and promoters of the coast, especially to the Northward, are some ugly straits, through which vessels have to run the gamut, and where the pigtailed Vikings swarm like wasps, and sting as smartly.

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to get home to our disembodied friends in the long run, and may figure as losses for the remainder of our natural lives on the strength of what we have gone through, to say nothing of bringing out a new volume, with illustrations. In the Northern part of the China coast, they manage these things differently. They have learned to believe in the bloodthirsty old boomerang proverb, "Dead men tell no tales," and they make terribly short work of the captivity of their prisoners. There is but one plan—to resist to the last gasp, for the voyager may rest assured that no weak submission will plead in mitigation of judgment.

The plan of attack in the channels among the islets, or between the latter and the mainland, is a very simple and old-fashioned one; nets are simply stretched across the waterway, and the spiders lie in wait for the flies in some convenient lurking place near their web, say in a creek where the palms are on a level with their low masts, or under a black rock that keeps their dingy holes and straw or cotton sails within its shadow. A merchantman comes crawling along, with top-gallants and studding-sails towering aloft to woo the coy breeze. The captain was a little too impatient to find himself snugly anchored in the port he is bound for, where there would be no more loggathurs to plague him, no more solar observations to take, where the fresh provisions would come on board, where the consigne would ask him to dinner, and compliment him on his quick run, and he would be quite a hero for the nonce in that circle of pale ladies and billous merchant-princes. So he went inside the island, to save a day, and see the result. He is asleep, we will say, in that cockroach-hatched cabin of his, with the windmill fitted to the companion-hatch, and there is nobody on deck except the red-jerseyed helmsman, and the lean old mate in check shirt-sleeves and Panama hat, who is biting his nails in the bows, and whistling for a wind. The mate doesn't like it; he was all along in opposition to that seductive plan of slipping along the glassy channel inside the islands, and the mate's opinion, before a Committee of the House of Commons, would outweigh the skipper's, who would not command the ship if he were not the owner's nephew, or son-in-law, or something of the sort. I hope the good ship is duly insured, cargo and all—as for the lives of those on board, they are gone beyond redemption; for already the pigtailed ruffians on board those skulking junks are casting long shadows over the blue water.

Just then the mate spies the ripple where the cork keep the upper line of the net above water. He looks up and right about. His practiced eye tells it only too clearly, and he somehow thunders the sleepy crew upon deck in an instant. Up comes the captain too, all in a hurry. "Hard up with the helm! back mainsail! topsails aback! No use; it only distracts the crew, for there is no room to put the ship about, and the projecting cliffs take the wind off her sails as she shivers, tacks aback, and bang! goes the first gun from the pirates. There is but one hope: to hold on, and crack through ropes and nets and stakes, for life or death. Fill away the lassy sails, clear away that carronade that has been lying neglected among boats and buncoes; hand up the muskets from below! On goes the doomed ship, crash! she goes in among the clinging nets; she breaks some, but the others are too strong for her, and she is fairly in the toils, and with a shout of triumph, firing their brass cannon and matchlocks, brandishing their swords, pulling like demons at their hundred long sweeps out from creek and cove, the pirates come. The Englishman's poor little rusty carronade is pointed and discharged, and possibly misses, or even bursts, but the ten war-junks full of men. In one moment more they are alongside, flinging fireballs on to the ship's decks, and boarding in the smoke. One last despairing struggle with the cutlass and handspike; but numbers prevail, and the deck is a shambles, and hacked and headless bodies go floating down the tide, and the good ship is pillaged and scuttled, or set on fire, and there is an end of all except the weary, weary watching of far-away wives and sweethearts for the lost vessel's return. Of course, it is not seldom happens that no direct intelligence reaches owner or underwriter, and that when a missing craft is given over as irrevocably gone, the blame is laid on sunken rock or typhoon, and a wreck is imagined where the pirate has been busy at his fell work. Then sometimes the secret of the vessel's fate comes out from the confession of some rogue in the jail of Hong Kong, or some article of property is sold in Canton, and recognized, and the old story, in all its glibly anemone, comes to be known of men.

Of course there is a brighter side to the picture. A steamer can usually break through the row of nets, or if a friendly breeze spring up, a large sailing vessel may have way enough upon her to do so; and a powerfully-manned craft, with clean cannons and a swivel-gun in good working order, may fight through a whole fleet of junks with trifling loss, if only she escapes being boarded. Now and then it happens that our pigtailed corsairs catch a Tartar, in the shape of an English cruiser, and the hornet breaks through the web that was made to catch silly flies. There cannot be a prettier sight than this in all the annals of pugacity: the steam-sloop in the narrow channel, girt about by a ring of fire and smoke, the armed junks circling and busling about her like mosquitoes, and the masked batteries in the jungle above and on the beeding cliffs above, all bellowing and blasting together, while the matchlock volleys crackle out of every thicket that can shelter an ambuscade. All in vain. Discipline, race, and civilization are too much for ferocious and greed. The affair might be stereotyped: a stubborn fight, a fire from the cruiser of beautiful precision, junks on fire, junks sinking, shore batteries silenced, the deep British cheer rising louder and clearer over the yells of the savages; then the hasty, yet regular, manning and lowering of boats, the quick jerk of the oars, the hearty hurrah as the launch and cutters dash at the junks still afloat; and the business always ends with an *Io triumpho!* and a grim list of enemies burnt, sunk, and destroyed.

Yet you cannot easily persuade a Chinese that there is anything objectionable in piracy. The very merchants who have been stripped of their golden fleece upon the waters do not appear to see any immorality in the practice of buccannery, however inconvenient and expensive they acknowledge its results to be. Some of them not infrequently dabble a little in that line themselves; not that those fat old human holsters who sell us our metal-colored tea and raw silk are given to grinding on the sword of adventure, but that they sometimes own a pirate junk—just as well-to-do church-going traffickers in our own country send fifty years ago to speculate in privateering. They look on the sea-robbers' trade, not from snarling from a fresh loss of some rich cargo of birds'-nests and spices, precisely as many worthy people here now regard smuggling—as anything but a sin. Nor is a Chinese sailor a bit more ashamed to confess that he was a pirate yesterday, and may be a pirate to-morrow, than an ancient mariner of the Roman coast is to admit that he has not during his whole life been a dispassionate observer of the sea-robbers' trade. But when a pirate is really in the clutch of law—and very awkward, unfortunate, or, if you please, must be if he is thus clubbed—he gets as snarly a share of mercy as he ever afforded to his captives. Yet, on the whole, the monarchical power the short, sharp dealings of the mandarin judge, the deliberate trial and long imprisonment which would hold him till he had better his money's worth of the *Long Kang*. One of a Chinaman's greatest weaknesses is in pronounced contempt for his laws, and he calls a "fine" a "fine," in Chinese, "fine" (punish). 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